



and

RED
MASK

NO. 42

10c



Red MASK



also in this issue: **BLACK PHANTOM**

and **THE GHOST RIDER!**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



JETEX F-102

SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the Jetex #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the Jetex F-102 \$2.95, a total cost of \$4.90.

Rush the coupon and you get both the Jetex F-102 and the Jetex #50 jet engine for only \$1.98 (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.)

\$1.98

Includes fuel supply.

GUARANTEED TO FLY!

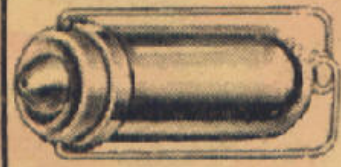
The Jetex F-102 is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the Jetex F-102 does not fly, return the plane and the engine within 10 days for full refund.

FLASH!

As at this printing, the U.S. Air Force's F-102 does not have a name, because this supersonic airplane is brand new and still in the category of a military secret. The Jetex F-102 is the first model of its kind.

AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! Operates at a jet exhaust speed of 800 miles per hour. Runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable. NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



- Complete with Jet Engine
- Genuine Balsa Wood

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of the neighborhood with this real JET airplane. It looks like a real jet, flies like one, even sounds like an actual jet plane. It will fly amazing distances at scale supersonic speed. The Jetex F-102 takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and glides to a beautiful landing. As it flies, this beautiful model leaves a trail of white smoke just like a real jet.

The Jetex F-102 is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous Jetex #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane is made of GENUINE Balsa Wood throughout. Its special construction gives it terrific strength and durability and with ordinary care the Jetex F-102 will give hundreds of fun-filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JETEX F-102WDEPT. A.E. 2

RUSH!

400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please rush the JETEX F-102 and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

JETEX F-102 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

RED MASK



NO! NO!
I CAN'T FIGHT
BACK! IF THE
APACHES TAKE
ME THEY'LL
TORTURE ME AGAIN!
I ONLY WANT TO
RUN AWAY...!

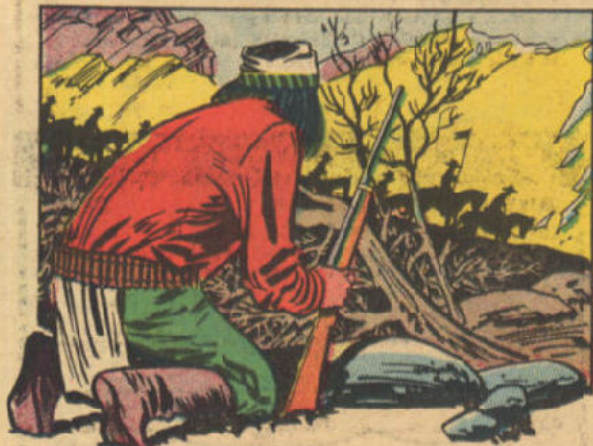
TERROR IN THE HOT SUN!
FRIGHT IN THE COLD, BLACK
NIGHT! FEAR OF APACHE
TORTURE-FIRES EATING IN
A MAN'S GUTS! OH, IT'S
EASY FOR YOU TO READ,
EASY FOR YOU TO SMILE
—BUT PUT YOURSELF IN
TROOPER FLETCHER'S
PLACE AS **REDMASK**
RIDES THROUGH A FLYING
HAIL OF DEADLY ARROWS
AND HOT LEAD, SIDE BY
SIDE WITH A MAN SO
PARALYZED WITH TERROR
THAT HE IS AS USELESS
AS —

"A TIN SOLDIER!"

3D EFFECT
BY
FRANK BOLLE

A THIN LINE OF BLUECOAT SOLDIERS, DUSTY
AND THIRSTY, OUT HUNTING APACHES —

BRIGHT BLACK EYES WATCH THEM. CRUEL
EYES THAT DREAM A LITTLE...



RED MASK, June-July 1954, Vol. 1, No. 42. Published every other month by Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publication and Subscription Offices, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Editorial, Executive and Subscription Office, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Re-entered as second-class matter at the post office at St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of March 1879. Subscription in U.S.A., \$1.50 for 12 issues; other countries, \$2.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1954 by Magazine Enterprises. Printed in U.S.A.

NOON REST, AND MEN LIE LIKE STATUES, ALREADY WORN OUT BY THE AWFUL HEAT. ONLY BY THE LITTLE DESERT POOL IS THERE ANY LIFE...

HEY, FRED! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARMS? THEY'RE ALL SCARRED AND MARKED UP!



THIS IS FRED FLETCHER, TROOPER, 6TH U.S. CAVALRY, A. COMPANY...

THESE? THESE THINGS ON MY ARMS ARE SCARS! SCARS FROM INJUN TORTURE! FROM APACHE TORTURE!



"IT HAPPENED LAST SPRING. I WAS OUT ON A ROUTINE PATROL WHEN THE APACHES JUMPED US!"

'PACHES! DISMOUNT AND GROUP TO FIRE AT WILL!



"WE FOUGHT HARD, BUT THE LIEUTENANT WENT DOWN! SO DID TROOPER KALLISH!"



"WHAT COULD I DO? THE LAST MAN FELL AND I WAS LEFT ALL ALONE!"



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

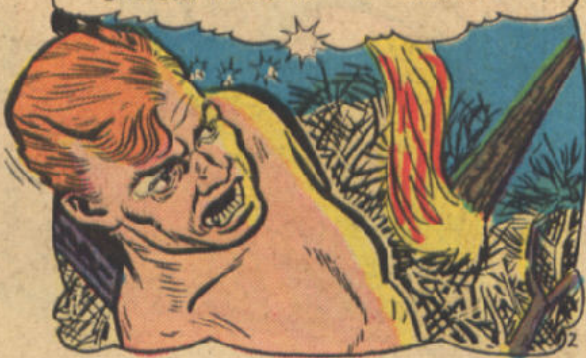
"THEY DID TAKE ME ALIVE! THAT NIGHT IN THEIR VILLAGE, THEY DRAGGED ME FORWARD..."

NO! NO! NOT THE— NOT THE TORTURE STAKE!



"THEY DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME. THEY STRAPPED ME TIGHT AND THEN THEY BEGAN, SLOWLY AT FIRST—"

NNNGGG... NNNGGG... PAIN AWFUL... GOING TO SCREAM... LIPS BLOODY FROM BITING... TRYING NOT TO SCREAM...





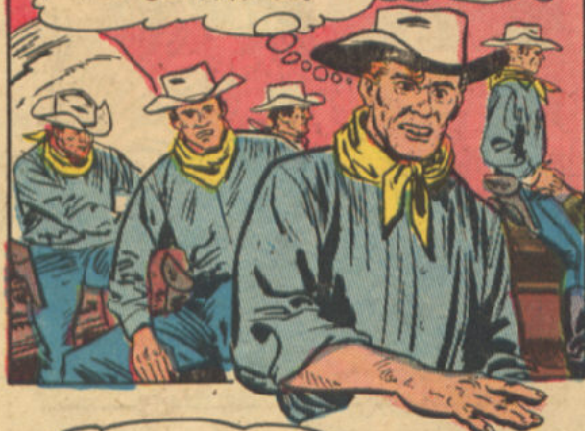
"I WAS CRAZY WITH PAIN. MY WRISTS WERE BLOODY WHERE THE ROPES TORE MY FLESH AS I STRUGGLED FRANTICALLY TO BREAK FREE. I WAS GOING MAD! THEN I HEARD A PAIR OF COLT PEACEMAKERS ROAR!"



"THOSE RED DEVILS FELL AWAY FROM HIM AS IF HE WERE THE PLAGUE ITSELF! THOSE WHO DIDN'T GET AWAY HE CUT DOWN WITH GUNS THAT NEVER MISSED! THEN I WAS LIFTED UP—"



THAT'S WHY—I'M SCARED OF APACHES!
SO SCARED I—KNOW I'LL RUN AWAY
WHEN—WE MEET THEM. I'LL RUN AWAY
AND IF THE 'PACHES DON'T GET ME,
THE SOLDIERS WILL, AND I'LL BE SHOT
FOR **COWARDICE!**



IF WE DON'T FIND
THAT WAGON—MEN,
WOMEN AND CHILDREN
WILL BE KILLED
AND SCALPED!
SO FORWARD—
YO!

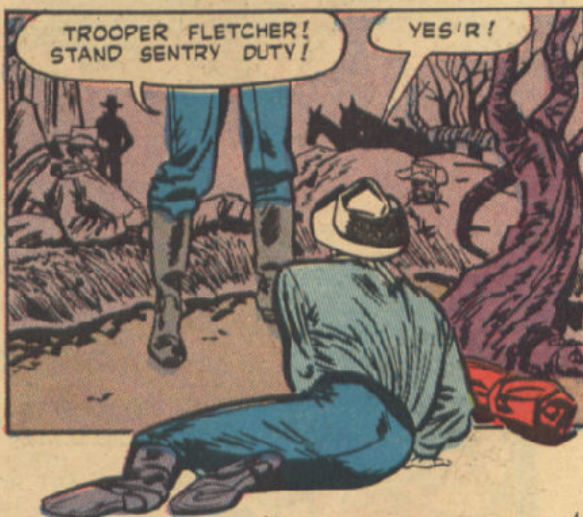


THIS IS CAPTAIN ELIAS HOOKER. HE IS IN
CHARGE OF THE SCOUT DETAIL...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'RE OUT HERE TO
FIND A WAGON TRAIN OF RIFLES AND
AMMO SENT OVER THE BORDER BY
HOTHEADS SOUTH OF IT, WHO CAN'T
REALIZE THE MEXICAN WAR IS OVER!
THEY WANT TO START TROUBLE BY
ARMING THE APACHES!
OUR JOB—STOP 'EM!



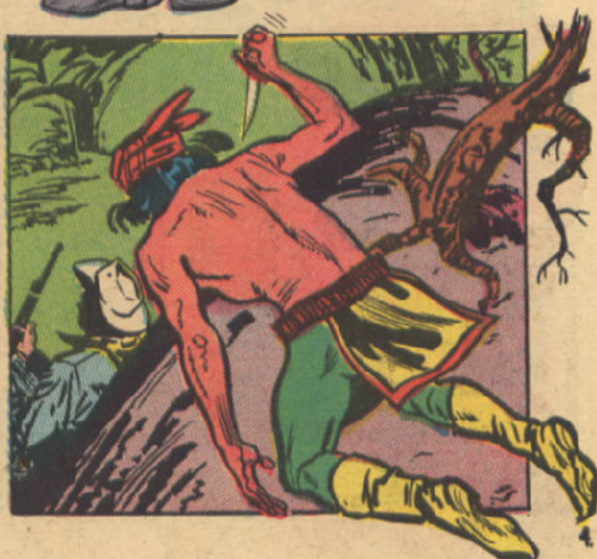
HEAT! DUST! THIRST! WEARINESS! FORWARD
MOVES THE COLUMN, ALL DAY LONG. NIGHT
FINDS MEN TIRED AND EXHAUSTED...



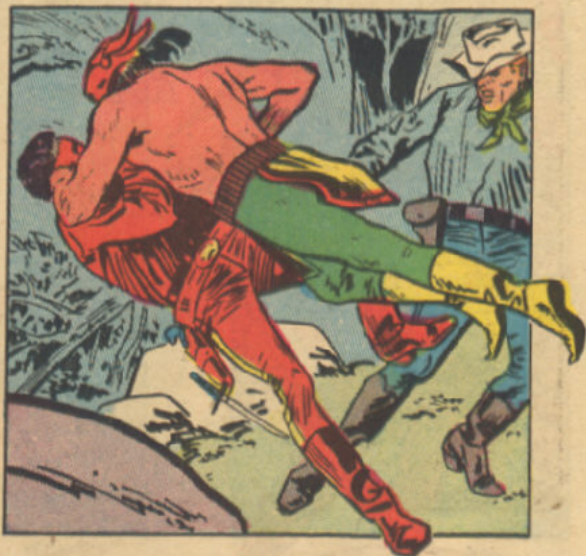
TROOPER FLETCHER!
STAND SENTRY DUTY!

YES'R!

A COYOTE HOWLING. A WIND MOVING
ACROSS THE DESERT TO THE WEST.
SIMPLE NIGHT SOUNDS, MAKING MEN SLEEPY.



THEN, OUT OF THE NIGHT, A CRIMSON FORM
COMES HURTLING...



MORE OF THEM!



APACHES! GOT
TO GET AWAY!
CAN'T LET THEM
CAPTURE ME!
THEY'D TORTURE
ME!



AS THE SOUNDS OF THOSE ROLLING GUNSHOTS DIE OUT, CAPTAIN HOOKER COMES RUNNING...

REDMASK!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

TROOPER FLETCHER AND
I HAD A LITTLE ARGUMENT
WITH SOME APACHES! LOOKS
LIKE THE TROOPER AND
I WON!



AT DAWN, TROOPER FLETCHER SEEKS OUT REDMASK...

YOU LIED! I RAN
AWAY! IF THE CAPTAIN
KNEW IT, IT'D MEAN A
COURT-MARTIAL AND A
FIRING SQUAD! WHY
DIDN'T YOU LET THEM
KILL ME? I'D BE
BETTER OFF DEAD!

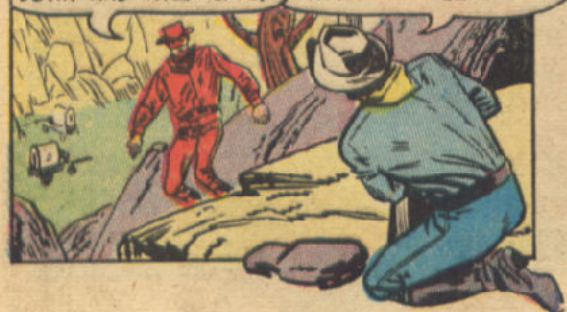
RIDICULOUS, TROOPER! A
MAN NEED BE AFRAID OF
FEAR ONLY WHEN HE
LETS IT MASTER HIM!
I'M GOING TO HELP
YOU FIND YOUR COURAGE,
FLETCHER—THAT'S WHY
I ASKED CAPTAIN HOOKER
TO ASSIGN YOU TO ME—
TO HELP FIND THOSE
AMMO WAGONS!



REDMASK AND TROOPER FLETCHER RIDE INTO
THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY TO THE WEST.
FOR TWO DAYS THEY SEARCH. ON THE
MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY—

THERE THEY ARE,
FLETCHER! STAND
GUARD WHILE I GO
DOWN AND INVESTIGATE!

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL MAKE
THIS WITHOUT SEEING
ANY MORE INJUNS!
WHAT A RELIEF!



ON FOOT, REDMASK SLIDES DOWN INTO THE
CANYON. THE MINUTES PASS SLOWLY. THEN
AS TROOPER FLETCHER TURNS AT A SOUND,
HE SEES—

APACHES!
MORE THAN A HUNDRED
OF THEM! I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THEY SEE ME! BUT—IF
I RUN AWAY I'LL BE
LEAVING REDMASK
BELOW! THEY'LL
CATCH HIM AND—
KILL HIM!



HIS HANDS SHAKE WITH TERROR. HIS EYES BULGE! SWEAT BREAKS FROM HIS CLAMMY FOREHEAD!

GOT TO RUN! CAN'T STAY HERE! RUN AWAY! BUT—ONE SHOT FIRED INTO THE AIR WOULD WARN REDMASK! BUT—THAT SHOT WOULD BRING THE APACHES DOWN ON ME! I CAN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T WANT TO COME HERE! LET THEM KILL REDMASK! I'M GOING TO RUN FOR IT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE BOX CANYON—

A RIFLE SHOT! OUR SIGNAL! THAT MEANS APACHES ARE COMING THIS WAY AND I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!



THE APACHES HAVE TURNED AWAY FROM THE CANYON! THEY'RE AFTER TROOPER FLETCHER! IF HE HADN'T FIRED THAT SHOT, I'D HAVE BEEN TRAPPED AND KILLED. BUT HE DID FIRE IT—AND NOW THEY'RE AFTER HIM! THERE GO THOSE AMMO WAGONS, BLOWING UP!

BAARROOMMM!



HERE THEY COME, TROOPER!

LET THEM COME, REDMASK! I'M NOT AFRAID OF THEM ANYMORE! WHEN I NERVED MYSELF TO FIRE THAT TRIGGER, I SAID I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN LIVE AND BE SCARED! WELL—I'M NOT AFRAID ANY MORE! I TOOK THE PLUNGE, AND I'M GLAD!



YES, TROOPER FLETCHER HAS CONQUERED HIS FEAR, AS WE ALL CAN WHEN WE STAND UP TO WHAT FRIGHTENS US! HE THINKS HE IS GOING TO DIE, BUT HE'S NOT A COWARD ANY LONGER!

EVEN IF THEY DO KILL US, I DON'T CARE!

BUT THEY WON'T KILL US, TROOPER! LOOK THERE! THE SOUND OF THOSE EXPLODING WAGONS TOLD CAPTAIN HOOKER WHERE WE ARE!



TARA - TA - TAAA - TA - TA - TAAA...



COME ON, REDMASK! LET'S GO GET THOSE RED DEVILS!



THE END

REDMASK'S CAVE

Due to the tremendous amount of mail coming in to REDMASK'S CAVE, we shall no longer be able to answer any letters personally... There are at the present time no photographs available of Redmask or of Black Phantom. However, we are working on this matter of pictures. When and if they are available, we shall announce it in our magazines. Meanwhile, watch for your name in these pages!

TO: B. J. Jameson, Magnolia, Arkansas; Jimmy Dillon, Burlington, New Jersey; Zelma Belk, Bowling Green, Kentucky; Joe Larry Jones, Bennett, North Carolina; Richard Ray Howell, Magnolia, Arkansas; June Adams, Alberta, Canada; Barbara Osborne, Gate City, Virginia; Bruce Fisher, Mohall, North Dakota; Viola White, East St. Louisville; Floyd and Lloyd Williamson, Greenville, Alabama; Darrell J. Millar, Camden, Indiana; Billy Smith, Elsmere, Kentucky; David Thompson, Trenton, New Jersey; Bob Bell, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Russell Hurring, Anchorage, Alaska; Danna Meminni, Hallsville, Missouri; Bill Luginbill, Barstow, California; John Medlar, Burlington, Vermont; Carl Flynt, Winston Salem, North Carolina.

Billy the Kid: Real name, William C. Bonney, born New York City, November 3, 1859, killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett at the home of Peter Maxwell, some miles from Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The only photographs of him available are in museum files. You can see such a picture in almost any non-fiction book about the old southwest. Billy killed his first man when only twelve years old.

The Ghost Rider is a fictitious character, whose other identity is Rex Fury. There is no known photo of him. Perhaps you saw a drawing made to simulate a photo.

Jesse James: the greatest train robber and bandit of them all, a fast gunman, handsome, and still revered around the Kansas and Missouri border country. Photos of him can be seen in "Desperate Men" by Horan at your local library, and in "Jesse James" by Homer Croy.

Tim Holt is a real cowboy, owning his own ranch — and part-owner of a rodeo.

Wild Bill Hickok: the fastest gunfighter and the best shot of all western sheriffs, marshals or badmen. Must have killed more than two hundred men, if we include his Civil War service. He used a Colt .45 Peacemaker. A very handsome man, tall and with yellow hair and blue eyes. He was married. Wild Bill Hickok did NOT kill the parents of Jack McCall, the man who shot him in the back.

Jesse James was married, very happily. **Billy the Kid** was never married, though it is said a lot of girls were in love with him.

Jesse James is supposed to have had a hideout near Bowling Green, Kentucky.

TO: Judy Carter, Stoughton, Wisconsin; Paul McIntosh, McLeonsboro, Illinois; George Wyatt, Gloucester, Virginia; Lucy M. Wharton, Bourbon, Mississippi; Larry Nicholson, Marietta, Ohio; Mike Wegner, La Marque, Texas; William LeRoy Moore, Alliance, Nebraska; Juanita Faye Mays, Volta, California; Linda Herring, New Orleans 21, Louisiana; Jimmie Ware, Allendale, Georgia; Sarah Francis Gee, Oak Ridge, Louisiana; Sharon Salewski, Coleman, Wisconsin; Gary Schott, Glendive, Montana; Allen Durlingame, Sacramento, California; Roger Wheelless, Tarzan, Texas; Dannie Wagner, La Connor, Washington; George D. Vecchio, Rochester, New York; Raymond H. Struble, Jr., Limestone, Maine; Raymond Delaney, Maple Strands, New Jersey; Otis W. Douglas, Fleeton, Virginia; Billy Smithman, Lachine, Quebec; Doris Donahue, Corryton, Tennessee.

Tim Holt: is 36 years old, is married, and has been making motion pictures since 1940. He is six feet tall. His birthday is February 5th. Present horse is Wrangler. Lightning was a palomino and was retired when he got too old for the strenuous feats a western horse is asked to do. Tim's wife is named Berdee Holt. Tim has a large library filled with thousands of books about all phases of western lore and history, including several dealing exclusively with the lives and habits, customs and fighting methods of the Indians.

Rex Fury is the Ghost Rider.

Johnny Mack Brown is 50 years old, and has been in western movies for many years.

Redmask: yes, there is gold in Redmask's cave. It has never been mined, but according to old prospectors who have been brought there blindfolded (so they would not know its location) the veins are wide and deep, filled with almost pure gold. When they are blindfolded and taken out of the cave again, they do not know where it is located, but they all argue with Redmask, and tell him to file claim on that mine. It's worth millions of dollars, according to them! Redmask hides his scarlet mask and costume, gloves and boots in various stone cairns well hidden in the Bullet country. Redmask learns about crimes that are committed because Sheriff Ben Gage and the Black Phantom, as well as Mex Lallipoosa (the T-bar-H ranch cookie) as well as others, know that by slipping a note to him in the lightning-blasted tree on Hangman Ridge, he will find it. Surely you have seen this tree drawn in the Redmask stories by 3-D illustrator, Frank Bolle! Watch for it next time!

Sergeant Preston is a Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted policeman. He is not a cowboy. His dog is King.

continued on a later page

AMERICAN COMBAT



Here's how it goes, two-nasted fighting man tells you . . . and shows you . . . the secrets of using every power-packed trick in the bag. You get it straight from "Barney" Conesack, an AMERICAN COMBAT JUDO training manual. From the U.S. Army's Special Armed Forces. What a man! He's dynamic from head to foot! Twice, he was Big 10 Wrestling Champ, and during World War II was Personal Combat Instructor to the U. S. Coast Guard. "Barney" has devised a new, no-holds-barred developing, perfecting, and teaching fighting tactics. He gives you the lowdown. Mastery of his skills and tactics will give even a bombshell . . . to knock the steam out of a bruiser twice his size. JUDO: He tells all . . . shows all. He gives you the real lowdown on Trip, that will make you the undisputed mailman. For, the real secret of war against him . . . is if it were your own . . . to make him helpless.

... on how and how to use each power-packed Blow, Hold, Lock, Jab, Throw and Trip, that will make YOU the winner and make your opponent be thrilled and amazed when you see what YOU can do with your fists and feet. . . . and small. For, the real secret of "Barney's" super-tactics is in using the other fellow's muscles and brawn against him. . . . as if it were your own. . . . to make him helpless and defenseless.

200 Dynamic-Action Start-To-Finish photos show you what to do. . . . how to do. . . . the winning fighting tactics that will make you slippery as an eel. . . . fast as lightning. . . . strike with strikingly strong K.O. punch in both hands. What's more, you'll learn the secrets of your feet when the other guy's down. Best of all, you'll be surprised how easy it is. Your friends, too, will be surprised when they see your speed, skill and power.

AMERICAN COMBAT JUDO right now! Keep it for 7 days, and if you don't think it's the best buck you ever spent, return it and get your money back. But, don't wait—you don't know when you may have to do your stuff.

ORDER NOW—ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID.

400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

LOOK HERE! for **BIG MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES**
for **MONEY-SAVING OFFERS** and **SERVICES**

TRICKS—MAGIC—NOVELTIES

MISCELLANEOUS

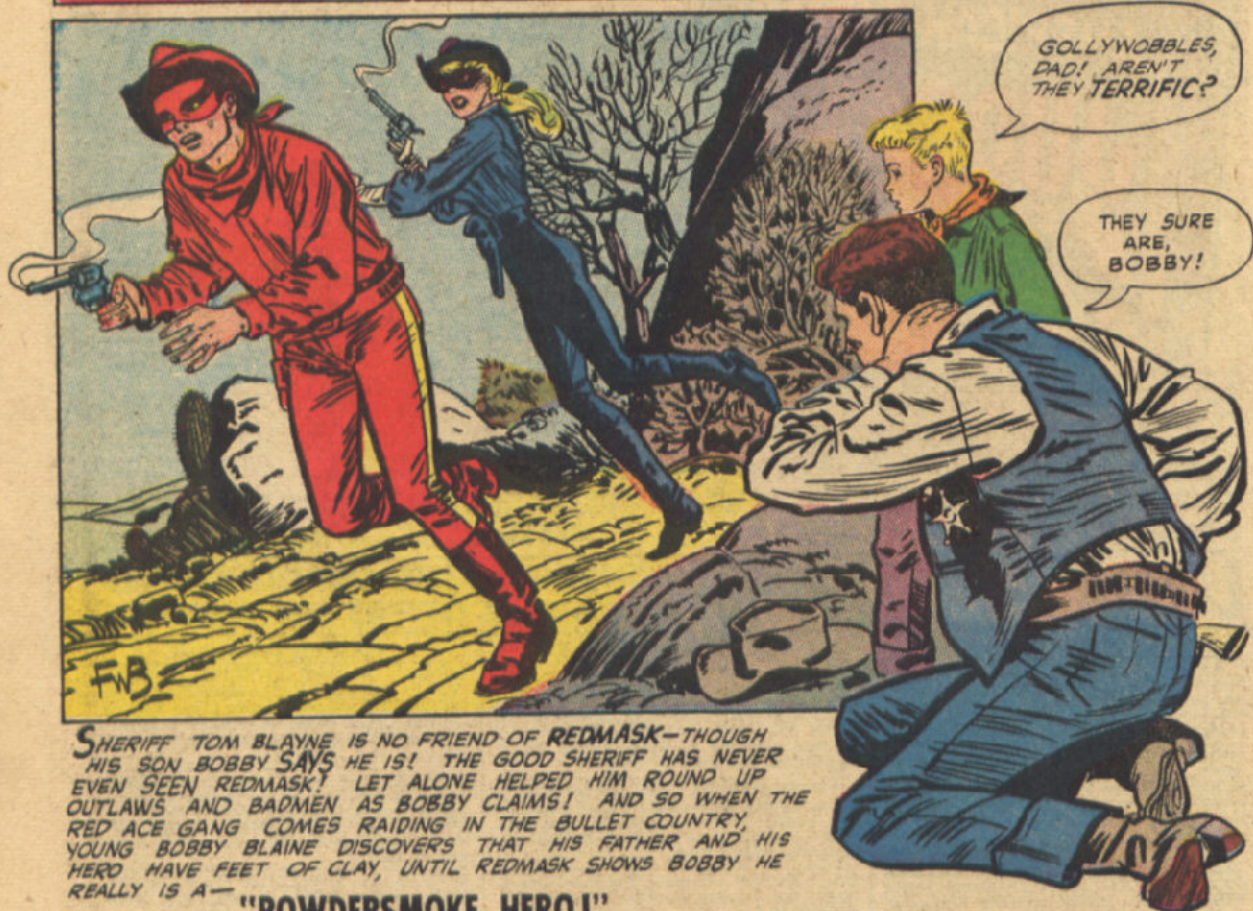
cleaned, deodorized with amazing new safe product. Safe, easy, economical. Saves digging, pumping. Details Free. Burson Laboratories, Dept. G-51, Chicago 22.

We purchase Indianhead pennies. Complete all-coin catalog 20c. Magnacoin, Box 61-TT, White-stone 57, New York.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

BIG DRESS SALE—20 Dresses for only \$3.50 Assorted Silk, Wool, Cotton and Rayon. Send only \$1.00 deposit and Dress size. Balance C.O.D. Mail Order Mart, 160-G Monroe Street, New York

RED MASK



SHERIFF TOM BLAYNE IS NO FRIEND OF REDMASK—THOUGH HIS SON BOBBY SAYS HE IS! THE GOOD SHERIFF HAS NEVER EVEN SEEN REDMASK! LET ALONE HELPED HIM ROUND UP OUTLAWS AND BADMEN AS BOBBY CLAIMS! AND SO WHEN THE RED ACE GANG COMES RAIDING IN THE BULLET COUNTRY, YOUNG BOBBY BLAINE DISCOVERS THAT HIS FATHER AND HIS HERO HAVE FEET OF CLAY, UNTIL REDMASK SHOWS BOBBY HE REALLY IS A—

"POWDERSMOKE HERO!"

A LAZY NOON HOUR IN CORONER FLATS IS BROKEN BY THE SUDDEN BLAST OF SIXGUNS!



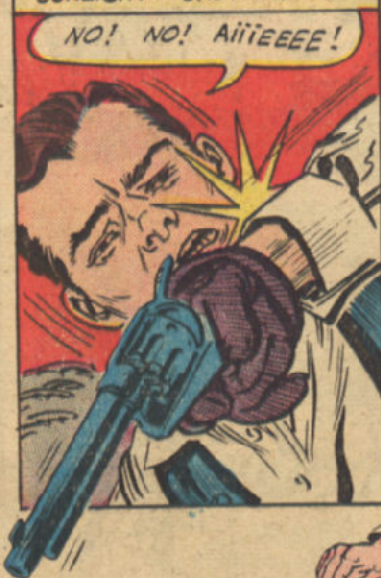
GRAB THAT SHERIFF AND BRING HIM ALONG! HE'LL HELP US GET OUT OF TOWN SAFE AND SOUND!



AS THE OUTLAWS HURTLE DOWN MAIN STREET, A HELPLESS SHERIFF IS DRAGGED THROUGH THE CHOKING DUST! NONE FIRE FOR FEAR OF HITTING HIM.



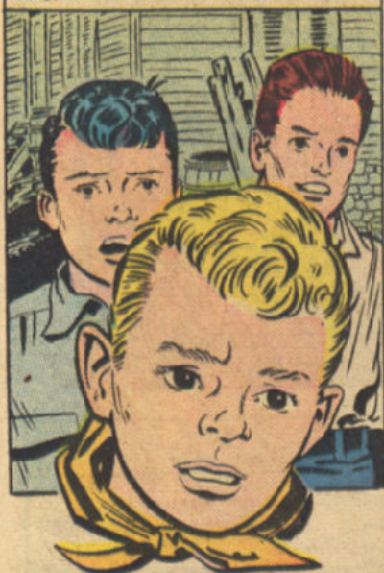
THE OWLHOOTS REIN IN GUN BARRELS FLASH IN THE SUNLIGHT—BRUTALLY...!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, SHERIFF BLAYNE LIES —A CRUMPLED HEAP IN THE STREET...



THE WHOLE TOWN SEES THE GUN-WHIPPING—ESPECIALLY THE SHERIFF'S SON BOBBY AND HIS PLAYMATES...



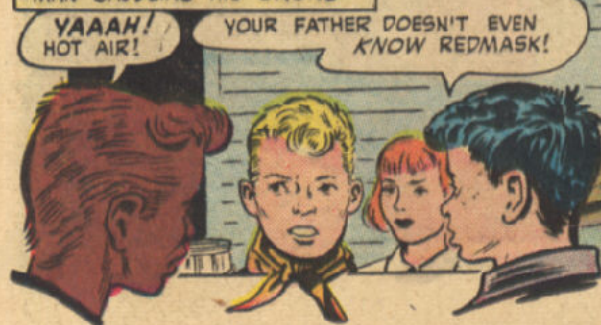
IN THE THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY OF BOYHOOD, HIS PLAYMATES JEER...



SPURRED TO ANGER, BOBBY WHIRLS ON HIS TORMENTORS...



AS THE BOYS JEER HARSHLY, THEIR VOICES ARE HEARD BY A WOMAN IN A HOTEL ROOM, AND BY A MAN SADDLING HIS BRONC—



THE WOMAN IN THE HOTEL ROOM IS **THE BLACK PHANTOM**!

IF REDMASK IS A FRIEND OF SHERIFF BLAYNE'S — I'D BETTER TELL HIM ABOUT IT!



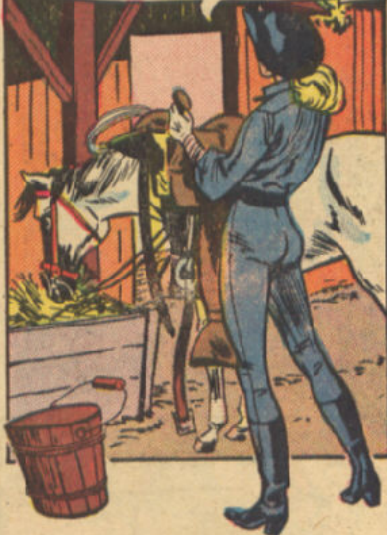
THE MAN IS A LONE RIDER FROM THE HILLS, WHO NOW SPURS MADLY OUT OF TOWN...

SO REDMASK'S PAL IS THE SHERIFF, HUH? THE RED ACE GANG WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT!



IN THE ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE TOWN HOTEL —

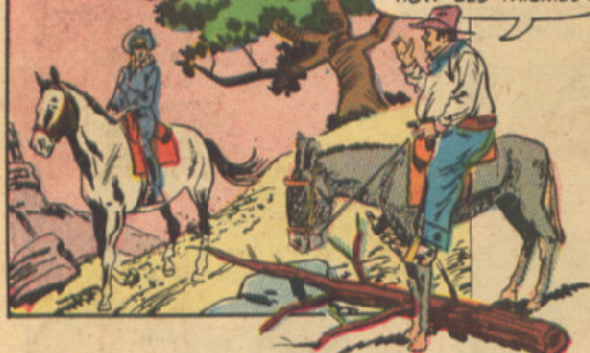
GOT TO LET REDMASK KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



SOME HOURS LATER, ON THE WAY TO THE T-BAR-H RANCH...

MEX LALLAPOOSA! HE CAN GET WORD TO REDMASK FOR ME, AT THE LIGHTNING-BLASTED TREE!

'ALLO, BLACK PHANTOM! HOW EES TRICKIES?

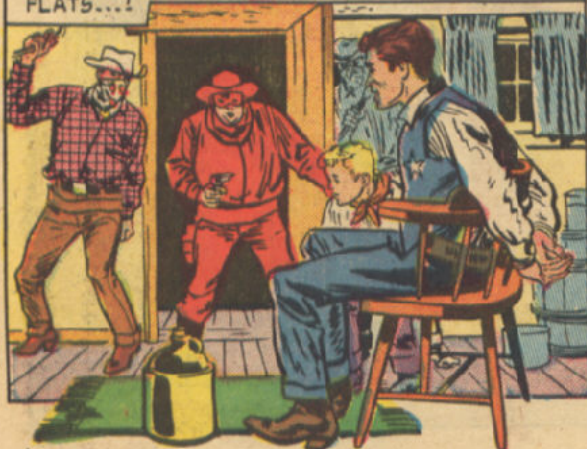


BUT MEX ENTERTAINS DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR! AFTER DELIVERING THE MESSAGE FOR BLACK PHANTOM, HE RETURNS HOME TO BRING OUT A HOMEMADE COSTUME...

HAH! I WEEL RIDING IN THIS HOMEMADE REDMASK SUIT I AM MAKING MYSELF! WHEN GIRLS EEN TOWN IS KNOWING MEX LALLAPOOSA IS DO HERO STUFF, THEY FALLING FOR ME, BY FRIJOLES!



POOR MEX! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE IS STEPPING INTO SOMEWHAT LATER, AS HE OPENS THE DOOR OF THE BLAYNE HOUSE IN CORONER FLATS...!



MEANWHILE, AT THE LIGHTNING-BLASTED TREE IS THE RENDEZVOUS POINT FOR REDMASK AND THE BLACK PHANTOM —

SO SHERIFF BLAYNE KNOWS ME, DOES HE? GUESS I'D BETTER RIDE TO CORONER FLATS...!

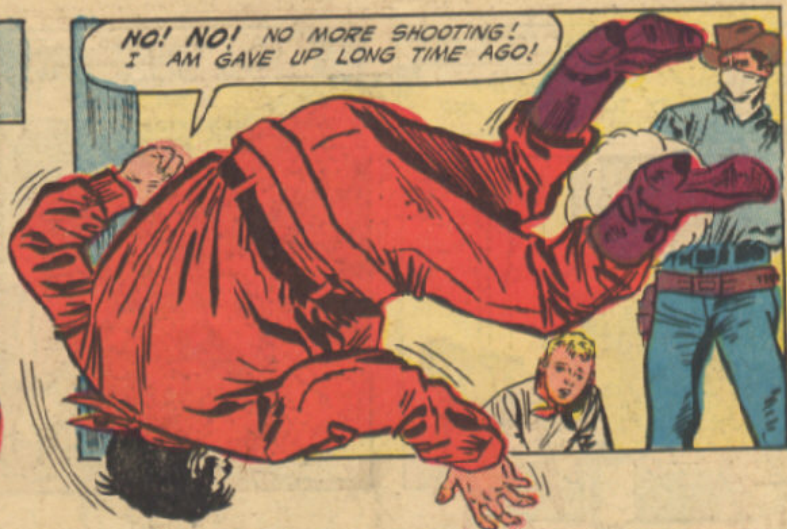


MEX LALLAPOOSA, DRESSED IN HIS HOMEMADE COSTUME—IS GREETED ENTHUSIASTICALLY BY THE RED ACE GANG MEMBERS...

EEEEYODWW!



NO! NO! NO MORE SHOOTING!
I AM GAVE UP LONG TIME AGO!



HAW! HAW! SO THIS IS
THE GREAT REDMASK!

HA! HA! KEEP DANCING,
REDMASK! YOU'RE DOING
GREAT!



TO ONE PERSON IN THE ROOM, THE
FIGURE OF MEX LALLAPOOSA AS
REDMASK IS NOT FUNNY!

NO! NO! REDMASK—DON'T
DO IT FOR THEM! REDMASK—
PLEASE!



HIS HEART BROKEN, BOBBY BLAYNE
BURSTS FROM THE ROOM, SOBBING,
AND RUNS OUT INTO THE NIGHT. HE
RUNS BLINDLY, UNTIL—

REDMASK!
B-BUT I
JUST LEFT
YOU IN THE
HOUSE... I
JUST SAW...



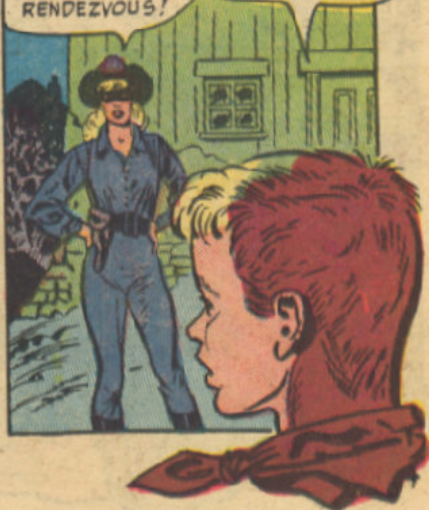
BOBBY BLURTS OUT HIS
STORY—

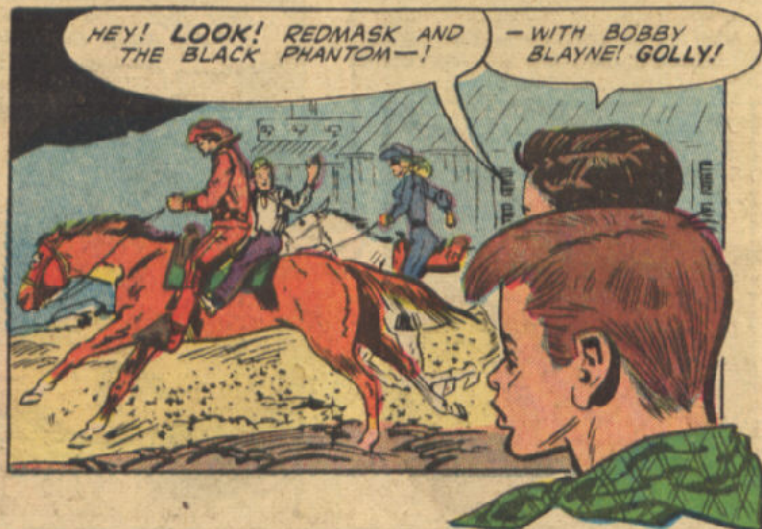
SO YOU THOUGHT
YOU SAW ME DANCING
FOR THOSE OUTLAWS, EH?
WELL, **HE** WAS A
FALSE REDMASK!

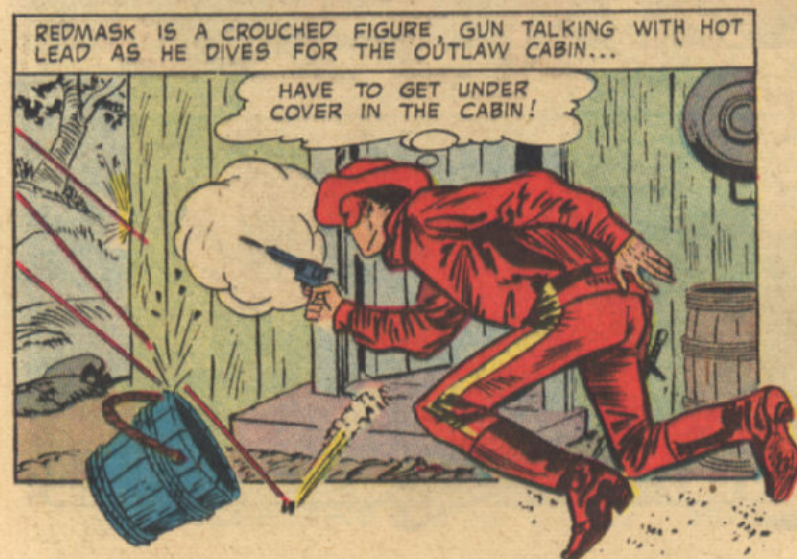


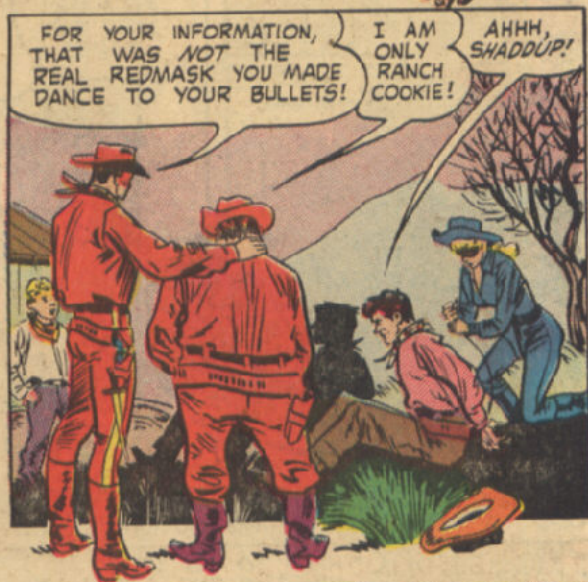
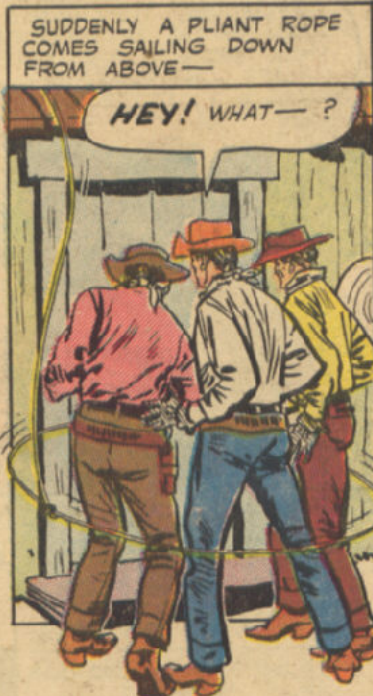
HE'S TELLING THE
TRUTH, BOBBY!
I'VE BEEN
RIDING WITH
REDMASK EVER
SINCE I MET
HIM AT OUR
RENDEZVOUS!

GOLLY-
WOBBLES!
**THE
BLACK
PHANTOM!**

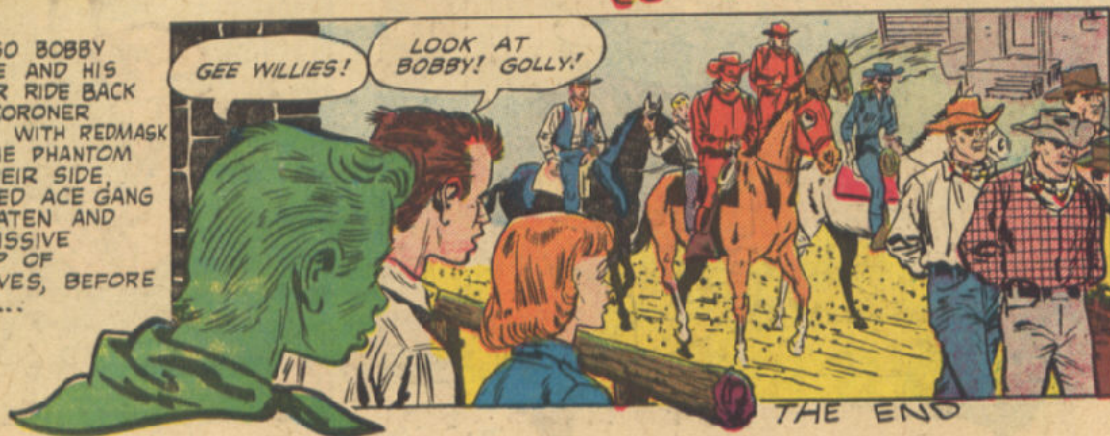








AND SO BOBBY BLAYNE AND HIS FATHER RIDE BACK INTO CORONER FLATS, WITH REDMASK AND THE PHANTOM AT THEIR SIDE, THE RED ACE GANG A BEATEN AND SUBMISSIVE GROUP OF CAPTIVES, BEFORE THEM...





**YOU CAN BE
THE GHOST RIDER!**

**ONLY
\$1⁰⁰**

**AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS
WITH THIS WEIRD SCARF
THAT BECOMES A REAL
GHOST RIDER MASK
THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!**

A scarf
...with the name of
THE GHOST RIDER bannered
on it...and a **SPOOKY**
white mask that becomes a
GHOST RIDER SKULL when
the mask is tied on...!

COMPIX, Inc. Dept. RM-1
10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

Name

Address

City State

No C.O.Ds Send check or money order



MAIL
COUPON
AND
\$1⁰⁰

GHOST RIDER

the

IN THE TALL TIMBER COUNTRY WHERE **THE GHOST RIDER** HAS NEVER GALLOPED BEFORE, FOUL MURDER LURKS IN THE ENDLESS FOREST'S SHADOWS! THE KILLER HE SEEKS IS SKILLED IN THE WAYS OF THE WOODLANDS, HAS LIVED HERE ALL HIS LIFE... SO THE ODDS AGAINST **THE GHOST RIDER** HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE AWESOME THAN WHEN...

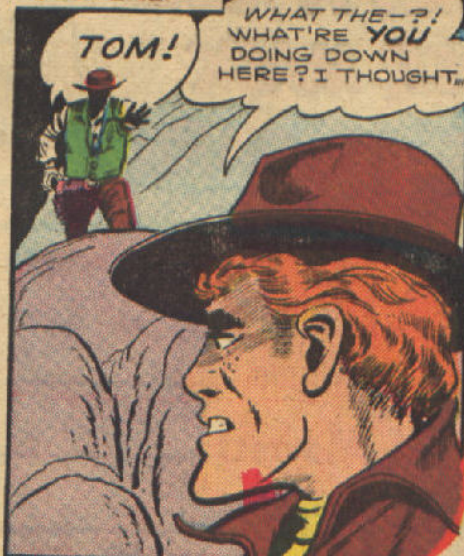
"**TERROR TRAVELS NORTH!**"



ON A MOONLESS NIGHT IN NEW MEXICO, A LONE RIDER CANTERS ALONG A CANYON TRAIL...

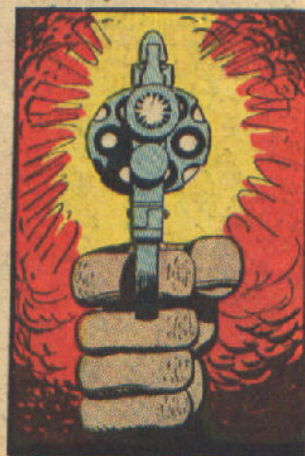


SUDDENLY—

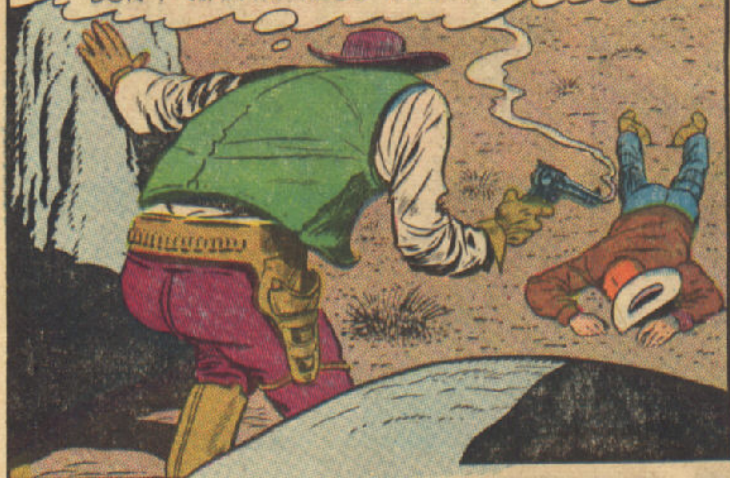


WHAT THE—?!
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING DOWN
HERE? I THOUGHT...

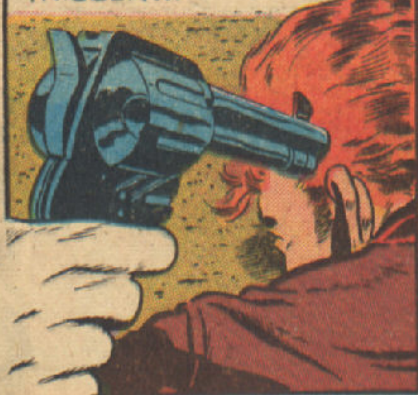
BUT THEN THE STILL NIGHT AIR IS SHATTERED BY THE ROAR OF THE DRYGULCHER'S GUN!



BETTER MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD! AFTER RIDING MORE THAN A THOUSAND MILES TO FIND HIM, I DON'T WANTA MESS THIS UP!



NOW THE SMOKING MUZZLE PASSES HARD AGAINST THE FALLEN RIDER'S TEMPLE! THE KILLER GRINS EVILLY AS HIS FINGER SLOWLY TAKES UP THE SLACK ON THE TRIGGER...



AT THAT MOMENT A HORRENDOUS CRY ECHOES THROUGH THE CANYON... AN EERIE WAIL THAT KEEPS RICOCHETING FROM WALL TO WALL, AND CAUSES THE KILLER TO DRAW BACK IN TERROR!

STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP

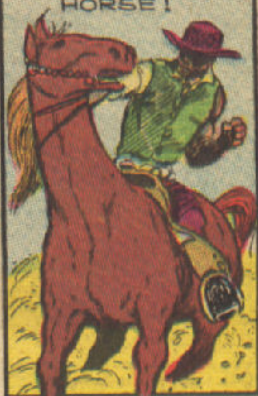
WITH BULGING EYES AND SWEAT-DOTTED BROW, THE KILLER STARES UP! THEN—DIMLY AT FIRST—HE SEES A SPECTRAL FIGURE HURLING DOWN!



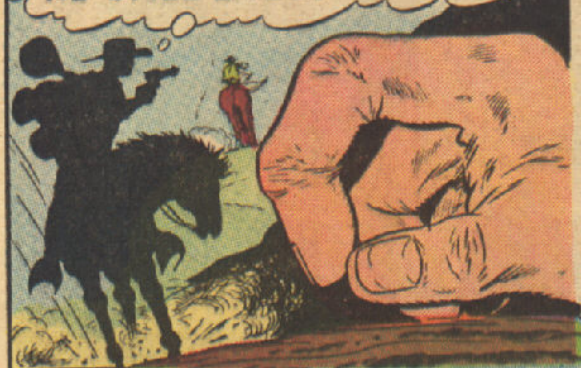
IT IS **THE GHOST RIDER**—THAT CEASELESS SENTINEL OF JUSTICE WHO IS EVER VIGILANT IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST EVIL!



FOR A LONG MOMENT THE KILLER HAS STOOD TRANS-FIXED WITH HORROR! BUT NOW HE TURNS AND RUNS FOR HIS TETHERED HORSE!



I COULD NOT SHOOT! THE FOUL MURDERER WAS BENDING OVER HIS VICTIM, AND IF MY BULLETS HAD PASSED THROUGH HIM, THE OTHER MAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN HIT. **AAAAH!** THE VICTIM'S HAND MOVES FEEBLY! **HE STILL LIVES!**



M-MY COUSIN... GASP... D-DYING FALLS LUMBER C-CAMP...

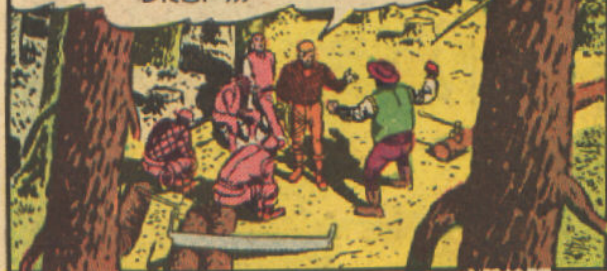
I MUST WORK FAST! THE POOR MAN HAS LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD! HE IS A MERE INCH AWAY FROM **DEATH!**



THREE MONTHS HAVE PASSED SINCE THAT GRISLY NIGHT IN THE CANYON! AND NOW... MORE THAN A THOUSAND MILES NORTHWARD... IN THE DYING FALLS LUMBER CAMP —

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF YOU MEN LOAFING ON MY TIME? GET UP ON YOUR FEET AND SAW TIMBER!

YOU'VE BEEN DRIVIN' THE MEN TOO HARD, MR. HAGGART! THEY GOTTA TAKE A BREAK OR THEY'LL DROP...



ONLY THING ANYBODY AROUND HERE'S GOTTA DO IS FOLLOW MY ORDERS!



HE SURE IS A HARD BOSS!

THINGS WERE PLENTY DIFFERENT BEFORE HIS UNCLE DIED. THE OLD MAN RAN A GOOD CAMP HERE! AND HIS SON, TOM, WOULD'VE TOO — IF HE HADN'T TAKEN IT INTO HIS HEAD TO GO TRAIPSIN' OFF TO NEW MEXICO...



KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE TIMBER-TICKLERS, RED — THEY'VE BEEN GRUMBLING!

MR. HAGGART!



WELL, WELL... LOOK WHO'S HERE — ALL MY COMPETITORS! WHAT'D YOU COME FOR — TO GET YOUR THROATS SLIT ALL AT ONCE?

WE'RE NOT HERE TO JOKE, HAGGART! YOURS IS THE BIGGEST LUMBER CAMP IN THE TERRITORY, AND YOU'VE BEEN UNDERCUTTING OUR PRICES! THAT'S NOT FAIR! IF IT KEEPS UP —



IF IT KEEPS UP I'LL DRIVE ALL YOU TINHORNS OUT OF BUSINESS! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I AIM TO DO! MY UNCLE WAS TOO SOFT — HE LET YOU SMALL OPERATORS STAY ALIVE... BUT NOW I'M HOLDING THE REINS!

WHY, YOU YOUNG WHELP! I'LL —



YOU'LL WHAT?!

GOOD YOU STUCK AROUND, RED! THESE GENTS JUST HAVE TO GET IT THROUGH THEIR HEADS THAT I MEAN BUSINESS!





LOOKA THEM, BOSS! LOOKA THEM TAKE OFF WITH THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS!

SEEMS TO ME THAT UNDERCUTTING PRICES WON'T BE ENOUGH, RED. SEEMS TO ME LIKE WE SHOULD START WITH THE REAL ROUGH STUFF!!!

AT ANOTHER SMALL CAMP, HAGGART AND HIS MEN GIVE THE EQUIPMENT A WORKING-OVER!



ONE BY ONE, HAGGART HAS CRUSHED THE SMALL CAMP OWNERS! AND NOW HE STANDS ON THE RIVER BANK, GLOATING OVER HIS SUCCESS...

THERE ISN'T ANOTHER OUTFIT LEFT WORKING TIMBER! I'M THE BIGGEST MAN IN THE TERRITORY—I'VE GOT EVERYBODY HERE UNDER MY HEEL! I'M **THE KING OF THE FORESTS!**



SO, THE NEXT NIGHT, AT ONE OF THE SMALLER CAMPS...

AIEEE! SOMEBODY'S FIRED THE BARRACKS! HELP! HELP!



GOOD WORK, RED! IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THIS CAMP'S OPERATING FULL-BLAST AGAIN!

TO HOLD UP STILL, ANOTHER SMALL CAMP'S RIVER-SHIPMENT TO THE MILL, THE PLANT UNDER-WATER SNAGS...

JUST WAIT TILL THEY HIT THIS SPOT! THERE'LL BE A LOG-JAM THAT'LL HOLD THEM UP FOR A WEEK!



WHEN HAGGART'S COMPETITOR TRIES TO BREAK THE LOG-JAM WITH DYNAMITE—



BUT THEN—!

AIEEE!

WE MEET AGAIN, FOUL VILLAIN! THE **FIRST TIME** WAS IN THE CANYON WHERE YOU SHOT YOUR COUSIN! THE BLOOD THAT POURED FROM HIS WOUNDS CRIED HOARSELY FOR VENGEANCE... AND I HAVE COME FROM THE GRAVE TO DO THE BLOOD'S BIDDING!



Y-YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO ME! YOU HAVE NO **PROOF**!

SEE YONDER TREE BURSTING INTO FLAME? KEEP DENYING YOUR GUILT, AND **YOU TOO** WILL BE CONSUMED BY FIRE!



SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY, HAGGART FLEES ACROSS THE LOGS ON THE RIVER..

HELP!
HELP!

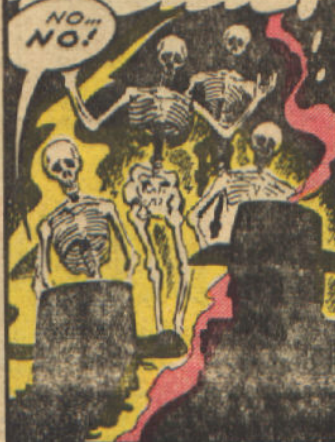


..AND THE GHOST RIDER GIVES PURSUIT!



A SMALL **TIME-FUSE**, THE BRANCHES SLICKED WITH OIL... AND THE TREE FLARED UP AT THE PROPER MOMENT! NOW FOR SOME **MORE SPECTRAL EFFECTS**...

NO...
NO!



BUT HAGGART'S MEN HAVE HEARD THEIR BOSS'S SCREAMS, AND HAVE COME RUNNING TO THE RIVER'S EDGE! AND NOW THEY FIRE A DEADLY FUSILLADE AT THE **GHOST RIDER!!**



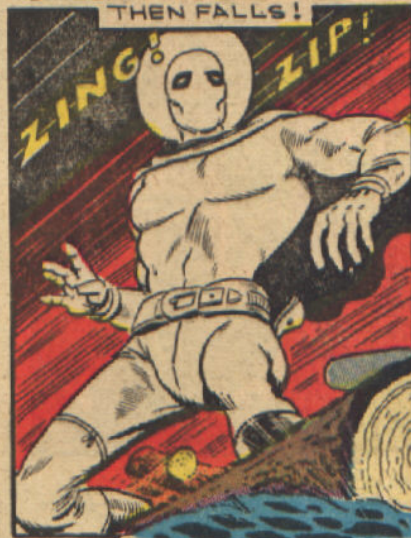
THE SHADOWS ARE SO DEEP, HE CANNOT SEE THE **BLACK ROPES** WITH WHICH I CONTROL THE **SKELETONS**...

BEHOLD NOW WHO COMES FROM THE GRAVE— YOUR **MURDERED COUSIN** HIMSELF!!

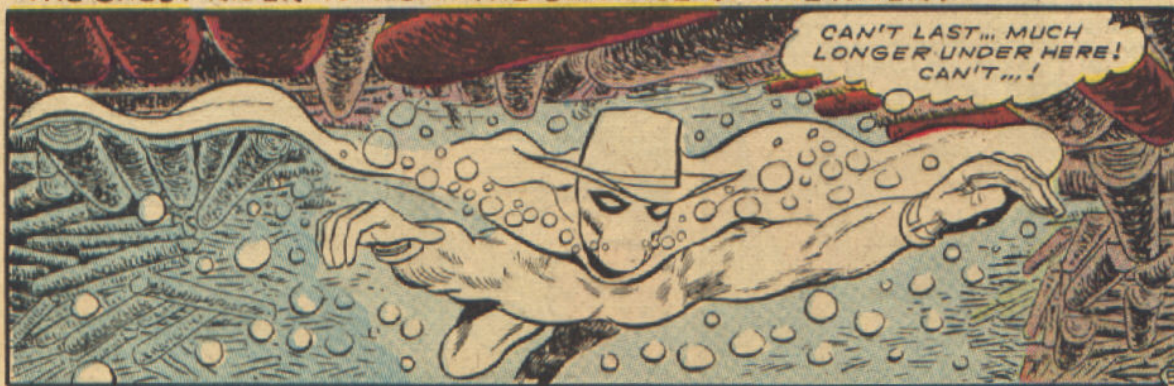
TOM!
STAY BACK!
D-DON'T TOUCH ME!!



THE AIR AROUND THE **GHOST RIDER** IS BRISTLING WITH LEAD AS HE TOTTERS— TRIES TO REGAIN HIS BALANCE — THEN FALLS!



THE LOGS HAVE GIVEN WAY UNDER THE IMPACT OF HIS BODY, BUT NOW THEY CLOSE TIGHTLY TOGETHER AGAIN OVERHEAD... AND THERE IS **NO WAY** FOR THE **GHOST RIDER** TO REGAIN THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER!



CAN'T LAST... MUCH LONGER UNDER HERE!
CAN'T...!

MEANWHILE—

LOOK WHO WE GOT HERE, BOSS!

TOM...
ALIVE!
REAL
FLESH
AND
BLOOD!

THAT BULLET OF YOURS BACK THERE IN THE CANYON JUST MISSED MY HEART! IT TOOK ME ALL THIS TIME TO RECOVER...

YOU SHOULD'VE SAVED YOURSELF THE TROUBLE! BECAUSE THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY SLIP-UP! YOU'LL BE AS DEAD AS THAT PHONY GHOST WHO'S TRAPPED OUT THERE UNDER THE LOGS!

UNDER THE RIVER—

CAN'T BREAK THROUGH! THOSE LOGS WON'T GIVE WAY! WHAT'S THIS?!
... A CURRENT OF
ICE-COLD WATER...

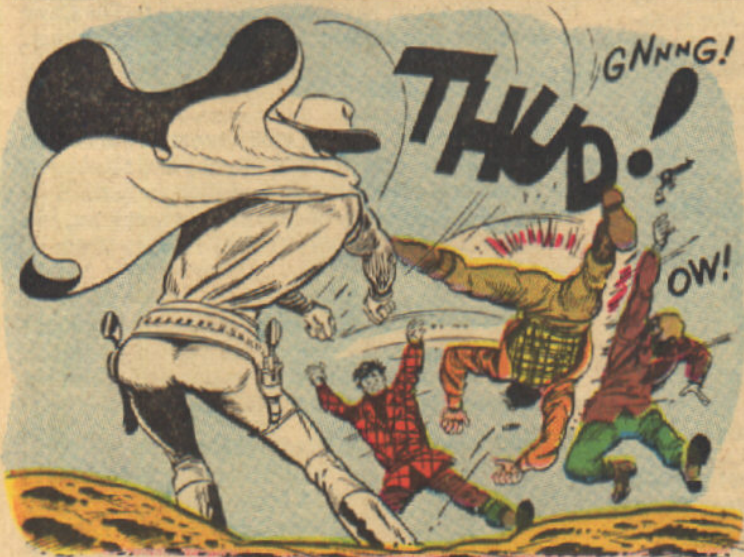
I KNEW YOUR FATHER WAS DYING... AND I WAS NEXT IN LINE AFTER YOU TO INHERIT THE LUMBER CAMP! THAT'S WHY I FOLLOWED YOU TO NEW MEXICO TO KILL YOU... AND THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO FINISH THE JOB RIGHT NOW!!

BUT SUDDENLY—

FROM A WATERY GRAVE SEALED BY THOUSANDS OF LOGS HAVE I COME TO DRAG YOU BACK WITH ME!

AIEEE! I WAS WRONG! YOU ARE A GHOST! NOTHING ELSE COULD'VE COME UP FROM UNDER THOSE LOGS!

THE BOSS'S LOST HIS NERVE, MEN! LET'S RUSH THE STRANGER!



WATER—

YOU HAD IT FIGURED RIGHT, GHOST RIDER. HE WAS TOO POWERFUL UP HERE FOR ME TO RIDE INTO CAMP AND TRY TO TAKE OVER. WE HAD TO BREAK HIS SPIRIT FIRST, AND MAKE HIM CONFESS! BUT ONE THING I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT IS HOW YOU GOT OUT FROM UNDER THOSE LOGS...!

FOLLOWING THE COLD CURRENT, I SWAM TO WHERE A NARROW MOUNTAIN STREAM ENTERS THE RIVER— AND THAT WAS WHERE I CLIMBED ASHORE!



THE
END

REDMASKS' CAVE

cont from a previous page

TO: Rex Doyan, Lansing, Tennessee; Herman Granes, Burlington, North Carolina; Delmar Dea, San Francisco, California; Fred Lennon, Ware, Massachusetts; Walter Louis Simmerman, Memphis, Tennessee; Jeffrey Licht, Cincinnati, Ohio; James Hokinson; Cynthia Ehmann, Patrick Springs, Virginia.

The most dangerous tribes of Indians were the Sioux and Cheyennes. Both these nations were warlike, clever, and composed of splendid fighting men. The only defeat ever inflicted on a United States army by Indians (the Custer massacre) was at the hands of united Sioux and Cheyennes, under Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse and Rain-in-the-Face.

The Apaches were good fighting men, but they mostly fought a game of hide-and-seek. They knew the southwest rock outcroppings and desert country, and they could elude large numbers of cavalry sent against them. They never engaged in open battle, as did the Sioux and Cheyenne.

The Nez Perce, under their great leader, Chief Joseph, fought a magnificent running battle with three different armies of the United States. Greatly outnumbered, they smashed their way through army after army, and only lost out on their run into Canada when winter cold and famine did what bullets could not do.

Missouri Indians were a branch of the Sioux. They inhabited the upper portion of the state after which they are named. Today, they live on the Oto Reservation in Oklahoma. However, since there were fewer than fifteen of these Indians living in 1910, it may be that they are now extinct.

Indians took very good care of their horses, for horses were their wealth, especially with the Plains Indians. They needed the horse to hunt the buffalo, and they needed the buffalo to live at all. In winter, they pastured them in sheltered valleys.

Loco is a synonym for crazy, used by westerners. It derives its name from the locoweed. When horses or cattle eat the locoweed they go wild, or crazy.

Indians filled their hidequivers full of arrows when they went on the warpath. These arrows were made from willow-shoot stalks, or from the stalks of the serviceberry. Their bows were made mostly of red cedar, hickory, or Osage orangewood.

The Indians gave the locomotive the name "iron horse". They had no name for train or engine, and so they called it by the term most expressive to them. It did the work of a horse, and it was made of iron. I think the term is colorful, don't you?

TO: Ricardo Houlihan, Van Horne, Iowa.

Cowboys wear guns today only to shoot snakes or other wild pests or animals that infest their range.

TO: Pat McCreary, Fort Walton Beach, Florida; Gilbert Escobedo, Levelland, Texas; Richard Boering, no address; Derick Brown, Grimshaw, Alberta; Rex Doyan, Lansing, Tennessee; Harold Teel, Jr., Robstown, Texas.

"Earing down" is a process used to allow a man to mount a wild or unbroken horse. The ears are gripped and held down, which seemingly paralyzes the bronc long enough for the rider to swing up into the saddle.

January 1st is the commonly accepted birthday of all horses.

For you readers who would like to know the names of famous horses, please check your local library for the following books: "Mustangs" and "Wild Horses of the West", by J. Frank Dobie. Some well-known horses were Black Nell, who belonged to Wild Bill Hickok, and the Denton mare owned by Sam Bass. Some of the more modern horses are Fury, Champion, Lightning, Trigger and Silver.

There still are a few bands of wild horses roaming the badlands in Utah.

TO: Michael Boone, Lumberton, North Carolina.

The Winchester repeater was the most famous rifle in the west, closely followed by the Sharps buffalo gun. The makeup of the Jesse James gang changed many times. The "regulars" were Jesse and Frank James, Coleman and Bob Younger.

TO: Gary Osborne, Yates Center, Kansas.

Bucky O'Neill was a sheriff, lawyer, judge, soldier, a scholar and a poet. He was friendly with the Indians, and helped to oust the bad element from Arizona so the railroad could go through. He brought in train-robbers and killers. He fought with Teddy Roosevelt as a Rough Rider in the Spanish American war. To give you "some information" on such men as Jack Bridges, Kid Curry, and Wild Bill Hickok would take several books. We do not have the space here in The Cave to do more than answer a few specific questions.

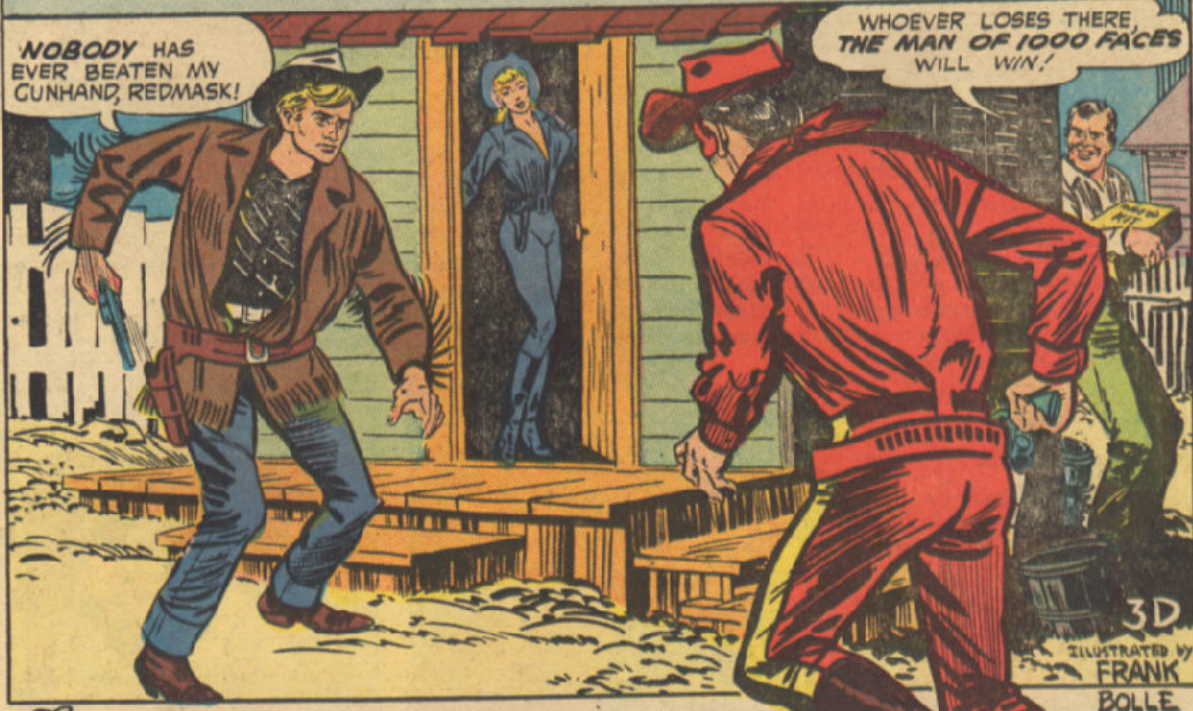
TO: Kay Kaltenbach, Springfield, Missouri.

Daniel Boone was an early frontiersman who fought Indians, opened up Kentucky and Missouri. He lived to a ripe old age and died in bed. For a very fine biography of this great American, see Stewart Edward White's "Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout."

Remember, boys and girls: no more personal letters, and no photographs (as yet) of Redmask or the Black Phantom. But keep writing, and we will answer you from the secret Cave.

Send inquiries to: Redmask's Cave
c/o Magazine Enterprises
11 Park Place
New York 7, New York

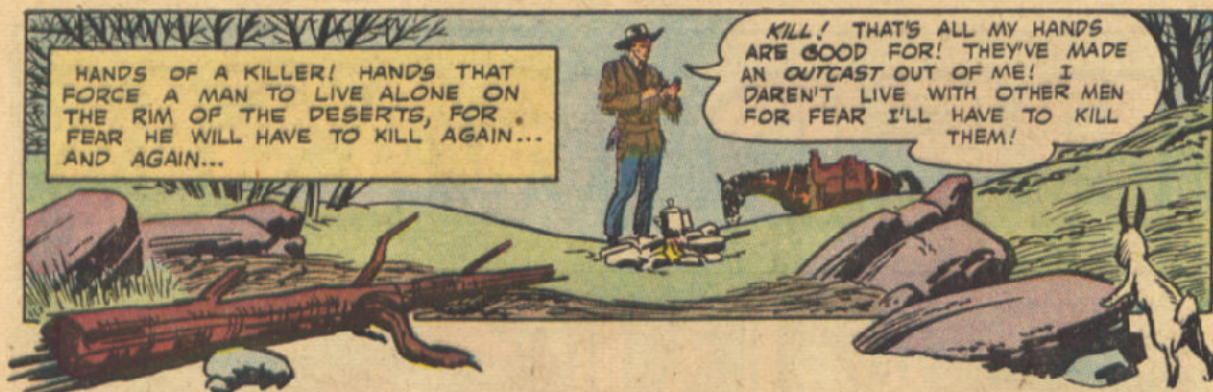
RED MASK



TO BE A GUNMAN IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST WAS TO BE A MAN MARKED FOR AN EARLY GRAVE. IRONICALLY, THE BETTER THE GUNMAN WAS, THE MORE PEOPLE TRIED TO KILL HIM—FOR THE GLORY OF THE THING! SUCH A MAN WAS THE DESERT KID! HIS KILLERS' HANDS CARRIED HIM FROM ONE GUNFIGHT TO ANOTHER. HE ALWAYS WON, FOR HIS GUNHANDS HAD THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING. AND WHEN FATE AND THE MAN OF 1000 FACES PITTED HIM AGAINST REDMASK IN THE GRIM DEATH DUEL, THE DESERT KID DISCOVERED THERE MIGHT BE A WAY OUT FOR A MAN WHO LAY UNDER—

"THE SHADOW OF THE SIXGUNS!"





HANDS OF A KILLER! HANDS THAT FORCE A MAN TO LIVE ALONE ON THE RIM OF THE DESERTS, FOR FEAR HE WILL HAVE TO KILL AGAIN... AND AGAIN...

KILL! THAT'S ALL MY HANDS ARE GOOD FOR! THEY'VE MADE AN OUTCAST OUT OF ME! I DAREN'T LIVE WITH OTHER MEN FOR FEAR I'LL HAVE TO KILL THEM!

AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF LONELY LIVING, THE DESERT KID IS FORCED TO VISIT THE TOWN OF APACHE ARROYO FOR FOOD...

GULP! THAT'S THE DESERT KID!

I'LL STOCK UP ON FLOUR AND PORK AND BEANS AND COFFEE, THEN SASHAY OUT OF HERE, FAST AS I CAN!

KNOW WHO JUST ROPE IN? THE DESERT KID!

THE DESERT KID, HUM? THINK I'LL SEE IF HE'S AS FAST AS FOLKS SAY! I'M NO SLOUCH WITH A COLT MYSELF!

THE STORY IS ALWAYS THE SAME. A LOCAL BULLY FANCIES HIMSELF AS A GUNSLINGER, AND MANAGES SOME SORT OF EXCUSE FOR A FIGHT...

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



YOU DREW FIRST! I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE— AND YOU MISSED IT!

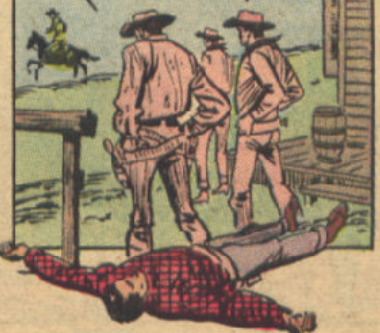
AFTER THE KID HAS GALLOPED OUT OF TOWN...

I DON'T CARE IF IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT! THE KID KILLED JOHNNY!

RIGHT! NOW WE'LL GO AFTER HIM, AND KILL THE KID! ONLY WE WON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO DRAW FIRST!

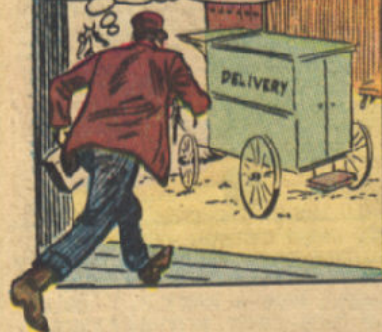
MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES AWAY IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, A FIGURE MOVES WITH BLINDING SPEED...

I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS ESCAPE FOR MONTHS! I'VE MADE MY FACE UP TO LOOK EXACTLY LIKE THE FACE OF THE DELIVERY MAN WHO BRINGS THE BREAD IN EVERY DAY!



HANDS WORK EXPERTLY. SOON THE DELIVERY-MAN WEARS THE PRISON GARB, AND **THE MAN OF 1000 FACES**—MAKE-UP MAN AND IMPERSONATOR EXTRAORDINARY—SEEMS TO BE THE DELIVERY MAN!

NOBODY'LL FIND HIM UNTIL AFTER I'M OUT OF THIS PLACE! I'LL RIDE TO BULLET—FIND REDMASK—AND KILL HIM—THEN START ROBBING!



WITH THE DESIRE FOR REVENGE ON REDMASK CHURNING WILDLY IN HIM, THE MAN OF 1000 FACES FORCES HIMSELF SLOWLY...

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, JOE!



FATE PLAYS A STRANGE HAND AT THIS MOMENT. SOME MILES FROM PRISON, THE MAN OF A 1000 FACES REINS IN...

GOT TO SELECT A NEW FACE IN CASE THOSE PRISON GUARDS COME HUNTING ME. MIGHT AS WELL PICK THAT YOUNG FELLOW'S FEATURES!



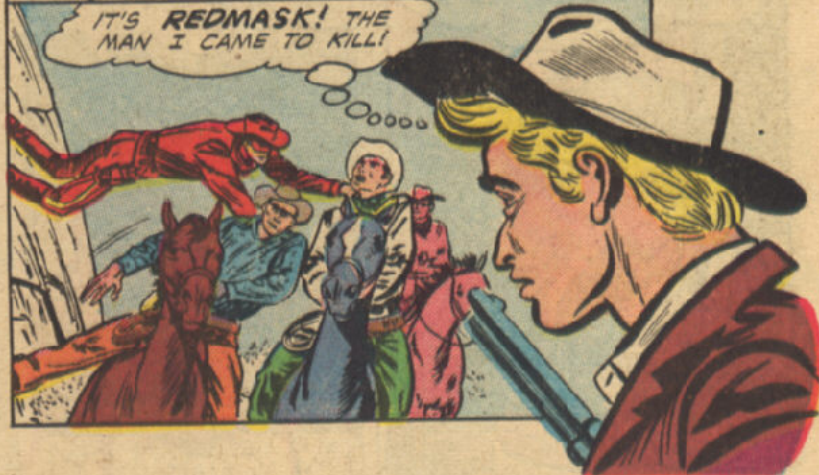
SO IT IS THAT, AS THE MAN OF 1000 FACES DRIVES ON TOWARD BULLET, BULLETS BEGIN TO WHIZ BY HIM!

WHAT A BREAK! THE MAN WHOSE FACE I TOOK SEEMS TO HAVE ENEMIES—DANGEROUS ENEMIES!



SUDDENLY A CRIMSON FIGURE MOVES TO THE ATTACK—!

IT'S REDMASK! THE MAN I CAME TO KILL!



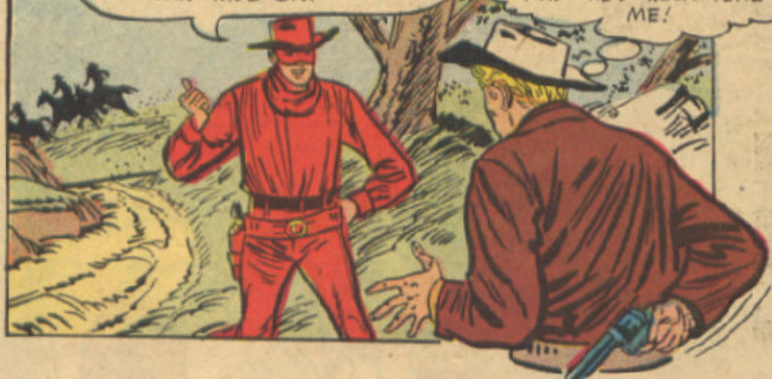
THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO FINISH HIM OFF! I'M SURE THOSE MEN HE'S MANHANDLING WON'T OBJECT!



BUT REDMASK MOVES LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTING, AND THERE IS NO CHANCE TO SHOOT, EVEN AFTER THE DELANCY BROTHERS FLEE IN TERROR...

THOSE MEN WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE! YOU CAN RIDE ON!

I DAREN'T SHOOT NOW. I MIGHT MISS AND HE'D RECAPTURE ME!



IN THE TOWN OF BULLET, SOME HOURS LATER—

I'LL CHANGE MY FACE, THEN GO OUT AND HUNT UP THOSE MEN WHO ATTACKED ME! I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE THEM!



AN HOUR'S SEARCH REVEALS THE THREE DELANCY BROTHERS IN THE CACTUS QUEEN SALOON...

GENTS, I HEARD A RUMOR YOU BOYS WANT REVENGE ON THE DESERT KID—JUST AS I WANT REVENGE ON REDMASK!



I'VE AN IDEA THAT WILL MAKE US RICH, AS WELL AS PITTING THE UNBEATABLE DESERT KID AGAINST REDMASK. ONE OF THEM WILL DIE, THEN WE'LL JOIN HANDS AND FINISH OFF THE OTHER!



AS NIGHT THROWS ITS BLACK MANTLE OVER BULLET.—

WE'LL HIDE A PART OF THIS LOOT IN THE HOTEL ROOM OF THE DESERT KID! WHEN REDMASK GOES TO ARREST HIM, THEY'LL HAVE A GUN BATTLE...

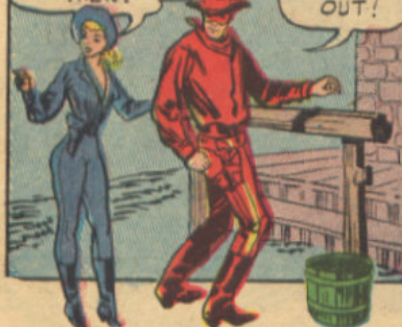
THE KID WILL FINISH OFF REDMASK, THEN ALL FOUR OF US TACKLE THE KID!



PATROLLING THE TOWN STREETS ARE THE DEPUTY SHERIFFS, REDMASK AND THE BLACK PHANTOM...

REDMASK! I COULD SWEAR I SAW SOMETHING MOVE IN THE BANK JUST THEN!

LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT!

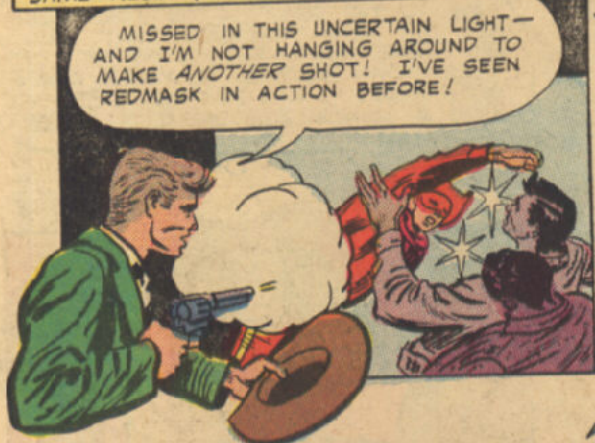


REDMASK! HE'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!





IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE BANK, ANOTHER MAN TRIES HIS MARKSMANSHIP—WITH THE SAME RESULT!



AS THE MAN OF 1000 FACES MAKES HIS ESCAPE, THE THREE DELANCY BROTHERS HURL THEMSELVES THROUGH THE GLASS BANK WINDOW.



REDMASK—HERE COMES SHERIFF GATES! MAYBE HE SAW WHICH WAY THE MEN WENT!



I DIDN'T SEE THREE MEN—BUT I DID SEE ONE MAN WITH A BANK-BAG HOTFOOT IT INTO THE HOTEL! LOOKED LIKE THE DESERT KID, TOO!

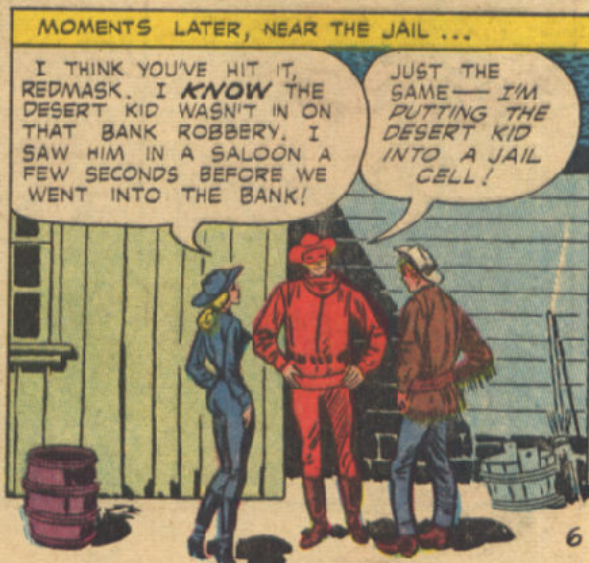


I'LL CHECK HIS ROOM. YOU TWO STAY HERE IN CASE HE COMES BACK.

IN THE DESERT KID'S HOTEL ROOM, MOMENTS LATER—

IT'S HERE ALL RIGHT! GUESS THIS IS PROOF THE DESERT KID WAS ONE OF THE GANG THAT ROBBED THE BANK!





THE THREE DELANCY BROTHERS WANT HIM DEAD. THE MAN OF 1000 FACES WANTS *ME* DEAD! BY PUTTING THE KID—SEEMINGLY A HELPLESS PRISONER IN JAIL—HE'LL ACT AS BAIT TO BRING THEM ALL TO US!



THE NIGHT MOVES ON. A FEW HOURS BEFORE DAWN, THE JAIL DOOR BURSTS WIDE OPEN—

KID, YOUR NUMBER IS UP!

YOU KILLED OUR BROTHER—NOW IT'S *YOUR* TURN TO DIE!



'RECKON I'M NOT QUITE AS HELPLESS AS YOU BOYS SEEM TO THINK!

HUH??



FROM THE DARKER SHADOWS OF THE JAIL OFFICE, TWO FORMS COME HURTLING...!

IT'S A *TRAP!* REDMASK TRICKED US!



I'M NOT ONLY TRICKING YOU—I'M CAPTURING YOU!



THIS JUST ABOUT FINISHES THEM UP!

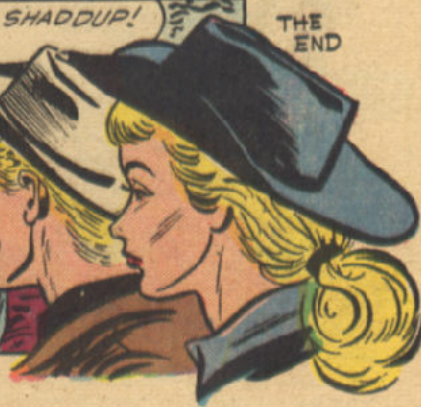
IT SURE DOES, BLACK PHANTOM IT SURE DOES!

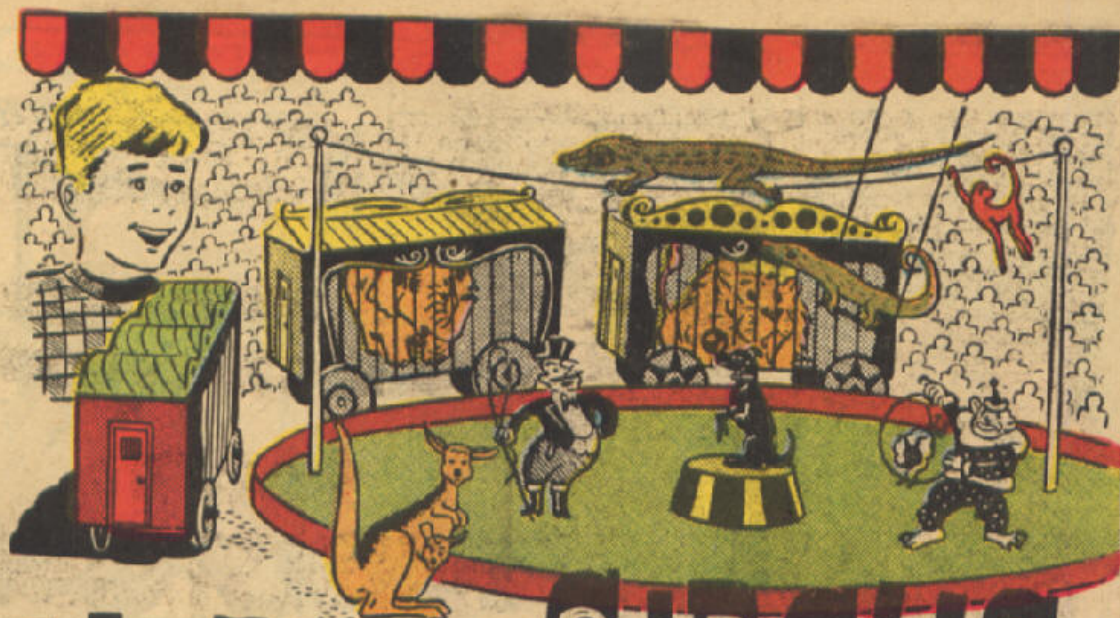


YOU GET ONE BREAK ANYHOW, MAN OF 1000 FACES! WHEN YOU GO BACK TO THAT FEDERAL JAIL—YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY TO GO WITH YOU!

AHHH, SHADDUP!

THE END





LIVE TOY CIRCUS

With Performing CHAMELEON -- FREE!

Now, — for the first time ever — you can have a real live circus of your own. Just dozens of fine toys, each wonderful in itself, make up this circus set for the "Greatest Show on Earth." You and your friends can have hours of fun setting up the props for the circus, placing the Ringmaster, clowns, performing animals, and wild animal cages for the many exciting acts. You can even put on a real live trained animal act with the live, performing chameleon who will walk a tight rope, swing on a trapeze and change color right before your eyes from bright green to brown and back again.

Just look at all the things you get for only \$1.00. Big Circus Ring, Wild Animal Cages, colorful plastic animals, Kangaroo with baby in pouch, clowns, Ringmaster, Chameleon Leash and Halter, Performing Platform, Tight Rope and Poles, Trapeze, 27 Wonderful pieces in all PLUS — FREE — THE LIVE PERFORMING CHAMELEON, who will not only act in your circus but will make a fine pet too.

Order today at our risk. If you are not satisfied that here is the best toy — the most fun ever — then just return it after 10 days free trial for a full refund of the purchase price — and keep the Chameleon as our gift to you.

only
\$1.00

ALL THIS INCLUDED FOR ONLY \$1.00

15 animals from our wide assortment including Clowns, Bears drinking a bottle of milk, Bunnies, Elephants, Horses, Lions, Tigers, Kangaroos, Monkeys, Deer, Flying Fish, Giraffes, Pelicans and other birds. 10 are made of bright, colorful break-resistant plastic.

- 3 Cages on Wheels
- 1 Tightrope
- 1 Ring Master with whip
- 15 Circus Animals
- 1 Trapeze
- 1 Circus Ring
- 2 Clowns
- 1 Chameleon Leash and Halter
- 1 Performing Platform
- 1 Set Poles for Tightrope

You get 27 pieces in all, including simple instructions AND the LIVE CHAMELEON FREE!



LIVE
Performing
Chameleon
included
FREE

Chameleons are real fun. They love to perform. You'll laugh with delight as they run with delicate balance along the tight rope or swing on the trapeze. They are harmless, clean and no trouble at all to keep as pets. Your friends will really gape with surprise when they see him riding on your shoulder. Your parents will be charmed with this small, clean pet. You'll love him. Sold normally for about 75¢, you get this live chameleon FREE with the purchase of your Toy Circus.

Here is our offer. Send us your order for the Live Toy Circus Today. We will send you one of these cute, harmless, performing pet chameleons free with each order. You pay only \$1.00 and you must be 100% delighted or your money back.

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. R.M.
400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Rush my Live Toy Circus and FREE Performing Pet Chameleon at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price and keep the Chameleon as a gift.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



FOR A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN ...

**... OR EXCELLENT
SPARE TIME PROFITS**

Learn UPHOLSTERING

TRAIN AT HOME—LEARN IN MONTHS

EARN up to \$75 a week during your spare hours by upholstering chairs and sofas for folks in your community! Or, start a full time business! Begin in your basement, spare room or garage. It's easy and enjoyable, and you can learn how, at home, in a few months. C.T.I. lessons illustrate each step, make learning as easy as pie.

"I have my own shop; I knew nothing about upholstering prior to taking your training program," writes John Sanderson. "I am now in business with another graduate," states William Green. "Since finishing, I have opened my own shop and am earning a good living as my own boss," writes George Folos. *You can do as well as these graduates—and hundreds of others!*

Easy to Earn as You Train

Probably a few weeks after you enroll, you can begin accepting upholstering jobs from your neighbors. Thus, you can easily earn excellent profits as you train. You'll make money not only on your repair work, but also on the fabrics you provide. Remember, too, that *you can save hundreds of dollars reupholstering all your own furniture*. Better mail coupon below—or write—for full information! *No cost or obligation.*

Materials and Tools to Build Ottoman Sent



Without extra cost, you also receive frame and materials to build this attractive ottoman.

In addition to many lessons, you also receive a set of valuable professional tools without extra cost. The outfit includes an upholsterer's magnetic hammer, mallet, webbing stretcher, shears, trimmer's knife, regulator, and assorted pins and needles. You get practical training—and experience right from the start!

Your first project will be the construction of the handsome ottoman illustrated at left.

14 Famous Career Opportunities

Besides its famous upholstering course, C.T.I. offers many other types of training, for both men and women. These courses are listed in coupon. All of our home study courses are practical and professional—yet easy to understand. If you are interested in a profitable spare-time hobby or an interesting full-time career—*mail coupon or write today!*

Commercial Trades Institute

400 Madison Ave., New York City 17, N.Y.

MAIL COUPON OR WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, Dept. M12
400 Madison Ave., New York City 17, N.Y.

Send valuable free booklet on course checked below:

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| ☐ UPHOLSTERING | ☐ Television | ☐ Practical Nursing |
| ☐ Auto Mechanics | ☐ Drafting | ☐ Millinery |
| ☐ Auto Body Repair | ☐ Foremanship | ☐ Charm and |
| ☐ Building | ☐ Factory | ☐ Modeling |
| ☐ Construction | ☐ Management | ☐ High School |
| ☐ Diesel Mechanics | ☐ Refrigeration | ☐ Courses |

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE



POWER HUNTING CROSSBOW. An exciting new sporting thrill! Aims and hits like a rifle. Shoots arrows like bullets. KILLS all big North American game—Deer, Bear, etc. 80-lb. bull, effective at over 200' range. Silent—permits extra shots at game. Precision trigger action, pin-point accuracy. Beginners get amazing results. NOW \$19.95
NOTE: When ordering this item, enclose \$2.00 deposit.

CROSSBOW ARROWS. Specially designed heads. Specify whether for Hunting or Fishing. (Sold only with Crossbow) 40¢ each

HUNTERS THROWING TOM AHAWK. A Genuine Tomahawk with brightly polished 7" forged Steel head, perfectly balanced for throwing. Ideal for Hunting, Camping—has a chipping and a piercing blade. With Leather Carrying Case. NOW \$4.95



COMMANDO KNIFE. Real "Commando" weapon. An all-metal, serrated-pointed, razor-sharp 12" knife that may save your life if you hunt or fish where dangerous animals or poison snakes appear. Military Sheath. NOW \$4.97

FUN FOR "FROGMEN"



SWIM MASK. Clear vision for underwater diving and fishing. Protects swimmer's eyes and nose. Unbreakable lens. Rustless fittings and pure Ocean Green rubber. NOW \$2.48



French Style DUELING SWORDS. Type once used in deadly combat! It's fun, develops quick thinking. 41" blue spring steel, metal guards, rubber safety tips. 2 Swords and Instruction Book. NOW \$4.98



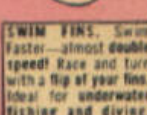
"FIREBALL" SLINGSHOT. Silent, Sweet Shooting. Extra Powerful—you get that "feel of accuracy" with your first shots. Balanced 7" Redwood stock, live-rubber Sling and Reinforced Pouch. NOW \$2.47



SQUIRREL CALL. Brings the squirrels to you! So natural they can't resist it—they come right out into the open. Wonderful for nature lovers and hunters. Full directions. NOW \$3.98



THROWING DAGGER. An exciting sport that provides fun and thrills—indoors or outdoors. This knife is light in weight and expertly balanced to stick. Tempered steel blade with double bevel edges. Embossed Leather Hunting Sheath. NOW \$3.48



SWIM FINS. Swim faster—almost double speed! Race and turn with a flip of your fins. Ideal for underwater fishing and diving. Pure, Rustless. NOW \$4.45 Pair



UNDERWATER BREATHING SNORKEL. A remarkable device—allows you to breathe easily while swimming with your head under water. An automatic valve keeps out water when diving. \$3.49



Australian Type BOOMERANG. Wonderful new sport. Amazing "Mystery Stick" travels on 225-ft. circular flight and comes back to you! This light-tested boomerang is swift, silent and is effective against small game. Excellent shotgun target. Fine souvenir. Full instructions. NOW \$2.49

IT ALWAYS COMES BACK!

22 CAL. REPEATER AUTOMATIC. For sports and protection, this gun fires 22 cal. blanks with a TERRIFIC BLAST. Looks like "the real thing". 6-Shot Magazine. Made of Carbon Steel. Safety Catch. No permit needed. NOW \$9.95



Note: This item not available to N.Y. State residents.



ORIENTAL BATTLE KNIFE. Designed for long distance throwing, it is made to split a beard at 30-ft. and is balanced to stick. Great sport—indoors or outdoors. Rare souvenir. Instructions. \$2.24



ARROW BOW-GUN. New type Cross-Bow shoots 12-inch metal-tipped arrows with powerful live-action sling for bullet-like smash at small game. Kills rabbits, squirrels, pests. 10 Arrows included. NOW \$4.95



FINNISH HUNTING KNIFE. A famous and beautiful knife, hand-made in Finland. Richly-engraved blade with deep blood grooves. Flashy horse-head handle. Teased Leather Sheath. NOW \$3.78

FREE NO-RISK HOME TRIAL

WE GUARANTEE IT! We want you to inspect and enjoy this fine quality merchandise right in your own home. You risk nothing! If not delighted, return for FULL PRICE REFUND. Every article we sell is GUARANTEED! Order from this famous company and be convinced.

CHAMPION SALES

GUARANTEED SAVINGS



PARATROOPER BOOTS. Perfect for hiking, hunting, farming, fishing. An excellent pair of boots, styled after the remarkable jumping boots used by our famous paratroopers under the roughest conditions—and worn with pride in the toughest, he-man outfit there is! Sturdy Leather. Sizes: 6-12. E Width. \$11.95



ARROW SLING GUN. A new thrill in hunting! Powerful Sling Gun sends 12" metal-tipped arrows thru metal guide barrel to 300' range. Swift, Silent, Accurate—kills all small game. 5 Arrows included. NOW \$2.98



TROPICAL HELMET. Protect yourself from the hot sun when hiking, fishing, hunting or at the beach. Same style used by Jungle hunters. Suspension-type, adjusts to all heads. NOW \$9.95



ARMY TRAINING RIFLE. Learn the thrill of handling a regulation rifle and practice aiming co-ordination with this bolt-action model Army training rifle. Trigger signal simulates actual firing. Military sling. Safe action. NOW \$4.98



Tells
• TIME
• DATE
• SPEED
• DISTANCE

SPORTSMAN'S WATCH. Ideal for outdoor use. Measures speed, distance. Luminous Dial, Unbreakable Crystal, fine Jeweled movement. With Expansion Bracelet. \$8.95 (plus 90¢ Fed. tax)

MAIL THIS COUPON

CHAMPION SALES Dept. M-2
410 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

RUSH SERVICE! Just cut out pictures of articles desired and attach to this coupon.

I enclose \$1.00. Please send me the articles I have selected for NO RISK trial and examination. On arrival, I will pay postman the balance plus postage. If I am not COMPLETELY SATISFIED, I may return in 5 days for refund of full purchase price.

NOTE: Not sold to minors under 17. STATE AGE _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

(We accept orders from Canada.)